

# Christmas Number The Saturday News

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, DECEMBER 18TH, 1909.



## Christmas Spirit

### His Diary

Almost midnight, Christmas A. D. 1909, and I am ready for another page of my diary. Strange what a difference in diaries. Most mortals who keep diaries have such short days! My days are just 365 times as long as ordinary diary-keepers; perhaps that is why I have so much to put down on paper when I do start writing.

Funny, though, as long apart as my records are, there is a sameness about them all, especially among the recent ones.

For instance, I turn back to Christmas, 1908, and I find I was thinking how like the world of 1907 was the world then—the same old world of fifty-one weeks of selfishness and one of unselfishness.

And now another Christmas is here and again I reign supreme—my influence at its height. But as the day draws to its close I cannot help but look forward with regret that from now henceforth my influence shall wane until another cycle is almost complete when for a fleeting season I shall come into my own again.

When midnight tolled a year ago I ceased the scroll and went forth to see how long the spell of my influence would last.

But let me come to the present season.

I have but time to record a few of my wanderings—just enough to indicate the trend of affairs of Earth.

Weeks ago according to the mortal manner of computing time, I felt my strength returning, and I fancied I was having an influence in many parts. But it was only the children who would listen to me.

One little boy had been watching the calendar that mother had in the kitchen, and to him Time was going too slowly. So one day he was possessed of an idea. Slyly he climbed on a chair and tore off "November." Ah, there it was, December 25, in red type—Christmas was in sight! But mother didn't see it that way—I had not yet cast my magic spell upon her. And as it was only November 20, mother chastened her ingenious son. That night I whispered in her ear, and she got up, went to her boy's cot, fondled him and told him what he might expect Santa Claus would bring him.

The case interested me, and I went to the lad's father. He was busy with some correspondence in his office, but my influence came over him so easily and so gently, that without having to make him acquainted with my presence, I had the satisfaction of seeing him leave his work and make a memorandum to look around during lunch hour for something to bring joy to his little boy's heart.

But not all men's hearts are so easily reached.

Only a few days ago I went into a rich man's office while he was reading the evening paper just before going home. All had gone from the office but the manager, himself and his stenographer, who was working away at her typewriter at some letters he was waiting to sign.

I slipped in unnoticed.

First I tried telepathy but it wouldn't work.

Then I revealed myself to him, and presented my card.

"Christmas Spirit, heart-tuner, Everywhere, Earth."

The paper had dropped from his hand and he was gazing before him just dreaming, so the stenographer thought. She did not hear him say "Well?" nor hear me answer.

"The proposition I have to offer you, sir, is the best you ever went into—there isn't anything like it for quick returns."

"What is your proposition?" he asked.

"You have been reading in the newspaper," I said. "Been reading about the number of poor children who haven't any Santa Claus this Christmas. Now all I want you to do is to send \$500 for that fund."

"Five hundred dollars! The idea! No! No, I am not my brother's keeper."

"That hasn't anything to do with this proposition. 'Here are children in a great city hungering for food and for a visit from Santa Claus. You simply send in the money, and you get back the joy of having brightened perhaps a thousand little hearts and as many homes.'"

"But if people have children, why don't they supply the need of Christmas cheer themselves? Here I am a bachelor—what call have other people's children upon me?"

"All the more reason," I said, "why you should forward this money. Every child you help means a father or mother or both perhaps (unless the Santa-less little ones are orphans) whose heart will be made lighter to know that Providence has intervened where circumstances prevented them from

giving—they may not have a call upon you, but what of that? Will there not be just as much satisfaction in your heart if you take this proposition?"

"Perhaps you're right," he said, "perhaps you're right. But why has no one come to me for a contribution?"

"In the first place you are known to everybody as cold, almost hard-hearted—and even the charitably disposed do not care to be slighted by you. Besides, who are those who interest themselves in getting contributions? Are they not just men like yourself? Would they not have as much reason to hold back because you had not solicited them for a contribution?"

A minute more of pondering and he called his stenographer. His tone of voice was so gentle, so happy, she was full of wonder. She pinched herself to see if she were sleeping or waking when he dictated to her this brief letter:

"To the editor of the Evening Tribune, Toronto: Dear Sir:—Please find enclosed cheque for \$500 for your Poor Children's Christmas Fund, which I wish every success. Sincerely yours."

My success prompted me still further and I whispered in his ear.

Then he said: "Please add this postscript—Kindly credit the amount in tomorrow's paper just to 'Bachelor.'"

Now, it frequently happens that I make use of the most unlikely person to advance my interests.

"Well, I guess they are right," he answered.

"I don't care if they are," said the wife with emphasis: "It's my own business when I shop. I pay for what I get, and the shopkeepers always seem glad to take my money whether it's a day before Christmas or a month before Christmas."

"Yes, but haven't you any sympathy for those who have to wait on you?" calmly asked the husband.

"Aren't they paid for it?" she retorted. "Any way, if it isn't me, it's somebody else they will be waiting on."

"Just the same, dear, the paper is right. Think it over! Don't you remember what happened last year? I certainly do. You didn't start to get your presents bought until three days before Christmas. You went down in the afternoon and everywhere you went there were crowds, all like yourself hurrying to make up for lost time, jostling each other, snatching at articles they would have scorned to buy two weeks before, and angry because the clerks couldn't pull the whole store to pieces for them. You came home disgusted and tired and empty-handed."

"I didn't," the wife retorted, "I bought a couple of ties."



Christmas Morning in an Edmonton Home

"Anything more?" asked the girl, in her usual way.

"Yes," said he, "I think I told you today that it would be impossible for you to get off early the day before Christmas to catch the train to St. Thomas. Well, I have changed my plans; you may go at noon Thursday and not come back until Monday."

Inspired by my success in this quarter I went forth, and every day since have been working overtime in all parts of the earth, exerting my influence in many countries at one time and among all sorts and conditions of men.

I find the newspapers quite a help to me. Most of them, for instance, advise their readers to shop as early as possible. It is true there is a terrible rush this week, but how much greater it would have been if nobody had ever coined that phrase "Shop Early!"

Two weeks ago I came in contact with one woman who had scarcely given a thought to Christmas buying.

She had just finished an editorial on "Shopping Early and the Christmas Spirit," and she turned to her husband with the tone of one bored to death. "These newspapers make me tired," she said, "always talking about women leaving their shopping until almost Christmas."

"Yes," he answered, "you did, but you changed them the next morning. And next morning things were not any better. You had to contend with the same crowds but you were desperate and commenced shopping in real earnest. You said yourself it took you two whole days to buy what you could have got in an afternoon, ordinarily, and then the best of everything was picked over. To cap the climax you found Christmas eve that you had forgotten two or three and had to go out in a hurry and worry so that you came home with a headache. Christmas, you said, made you tired. How was that for Christmas spirit?"

"Of course, I suppose it would be easier for me to shop earlier," she admitted.

"Yes, and easier for those who will have to attend to your wants. How would you feel if you were working in a store and no one thought of your convenience?"

"Well, dear, perhaps we should think of them," she further admitted.

"Now, that's the Christmas spirit to show," he said. "And just to make it complete," he added, "even in the matter of groceries you order by phone the next two weeks, do so in the morning and give the delivery boys a chance."

"I will and what's more, I'll carry home everything I can."

My work was complete, so I left, but I have

seen her since, and she's twice as happy today as on Christmas, 1908.

While I have to make use of many agencies, swearing in men, women and children all over the world as special messengers, there are some who need considerable direct appeal. For instance, many are the fathers I have had to plead with to forgive their absent sons of disobedience and invite them home for Christmas, and many are the sons I have had to work with for weeks to arouse them to parental duty.

But one of the saddest conditions I have had to meet with for many years now in the tendency to give according to what one receives and with false notions of pride. I meet it more in the case of women than of men.

"Let your light so shine before men that they will see your good works, and glorify your father which is in Heaven."

That's the principle they go on and it would be all right if they only interpreted "light" in its true meaning.

Unfortunately many seem to think that they are glorifying their Father in Heaven by ostentatious giving to the church or to charity with a grudge in their hearts. If there's a grudge in the heart, the real light isn't shining before men.

And so it is with those who give one to the other. They recall what was given them last year and calculate its cost, thereupon estimating what this year's gift to the other will be. Perhaps it is to be the first gift that has passed between two people, and the giver desires to make an impression on the recipient or fears lest the other might give her something that costs more, and she doesn't want to "look small." The true spirit is lacking and in this realm of opportunity I have had more scope than ever this season—I fear the tendency is growing.

But to illustrate one success of many:

A few weeks ago I visited a young woman of limited, very limited, income. She had already exceeded what she could afford and was contemplating an expensive gift to her girl acquaintance just for the sake of show.

"What about So-and-so?" I asked, recalling the name of a girl who had been a dear friend of hers.

"Perhaps I ought to send her something, but then we haven't been good friends for months and its her place to make up first. Besides, this other present will give me a stand-in."

"There's not much good-will in that kind of giving, is there?" I enquired.

"Is there? I wonder," she pondered. "Perhaps it would be more Christmasy to go to a elum and make it up with her. I don't know why we shouldn't be friends, anyway."

My influence was at work, and before the week was out she had decided the right way,—and she felt just twice at ease.

She didn't buy an expensive gift, but what she did buy she put her heart into it, and when those two girls met this morning there was a good cry and a hug and a laugh, and their hearts were in better tune than ever before.

I have hopes in this case that my spell will never cease as I have in millions of others just like it.

Would that my influence were lasting in the heart of everyone! But alas, I suppose, tomorrow this old world will go on in the old way, the Spirit of Hypocrisy and the Spirit of Selfishness crowding me out of the lives I want to stay in all the year round.

I wonder if I am progressing.

Sometimes I think I am and then sometimes a cold wave seems to come my way.

Perhaps if I could get nearer to more of the kings of earth, whether the kings on despotic thrones or the kings who rules themselves through the ballot box, I could continue my influence through a longer period of the year.

But the cold wave generally is colder the higher I get.

I am beginning to think I shall have to fall back upon the newspapermen and see if there is any hope with them. They may let me use their columns if they stay out in the cold with those of whom better might be expected.

I paid a call to one Canadian editor a few days ago and my success inspires the hope that I may be able to keep up the good work after this season is past.

He had just finished writing an editorial scolding the United States for the lynching bees in the sunny south. To prove his charge of uncivilized inhumanity, the editor pointed with pride to the superior Canadian way of quenching the fire of life. In Canada, law and order reigned supreme and the result was marvellously successful, and the editor almost gloried in the idea of hanging men according to the written law as compared with hanging men according to unwritten law.

Just then I felt his thrill of deep patriotism as I looked over his shoulder. At first he did not notice my presence—in fact I had not let him know of it. But I directed his attention for a moment to a "scarce head" in his own paper on his desk:

(Continued on Page Nine.)



## Joseph

Never in all her sweet and holy youth  
Seemed she so beautiful! the tired lines  
Etch her white face with look so wholly pure  
I tremble—dare I speak to her at aught?—  
She is so wrapt in silence. Yet her lips  
Part on a word whose honey she doth taste  
And fears to loose by uttering too soon.  
I know the word; its meaning is plain writ  
In the wide eyes she turns upon the Child,  
I dare not speak. No word of mine could find  
Its way into a soul close sealed with God  
And busy with the thousand mysteries  
Revealed to every mother. The soft hair  
Veiling her placid brow is all unbound,  
Ungentle hands are mine, but trained by love  
She might conceive them gentle—yet, I pause—  
I'll not disturb her thought.

What meant those men,  
Far-famed and wise, who came to see the Child?  
Their gifts lie by forgotten, though the Babe  
Did smile on the bright treasure in his hands  
(Those tiny hands like crumpled bits of gauze).  
Their sayings were mysterious to me.  
"A King," they said. "What King? The mother  
smiled  
As one who knew, and surely they did kneel  
As to a King. It doth disturb me much!  
I'll ask—but no—

The breathless shepherds, too;  
Plain men, blank-eyed with awe, in broken  
speech,  
Stumbling some strange, glad tale of midnight  
sky  
A-shine with angel wings! And at their word  
Again the mother smiles as one who sees  
No wonder but what well might happen since  
A child was born to her. Are mothers so?  
And are they prone to dream the careless earth  
And distant heaven wait upon their joy?  
Yet this strange story hath perplexed my soul.  
I'll speak to her—

What is there in her look  
That calms me so,—yet causes me to fear  
With fear so like a rapture that I seem  
Caught up a breathless second into Heaven?  
She turns deep eyes upon me, and she smiles,  
Always she smiles! Ah, Mary, could I know  
I dare not dream, save that the mystery  
Is not yet given unto me to know!

—Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, in the Christmas  
Canadian Magazine.



## Holiday Cravats

Blending in colorings distinctive, and imported from London, England, expressly for the clientele of our shops. Classic style and exceptional worth distinguish the entire showing. Prices from half-dollar to two dollars. Boxed individually.

**Stanley & Jackson**

## BANK OF MONTREAL

(Established 1817.)

INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

CAPITAL (all paid up)	\$14,400,000.00
REST	12,000,000.00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS	603,796.30

### HEAD OFFICE—MONTREAL

#### Board of Directors:

RT. HON. LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., <i>Honorary President.</i>	SIR EDWARD CLOUSTON, BART., <i>Vice-President</i>
HON. SIR GEORGE DRUMMOND, K.C.M.G., C.V.O., <i>President.</i>	SIR WILLIAM MACDONALD
A. T. PATERSON	HON. ROBT. MACKAY.
R. B. ANGUS	C. R. HOSMER
SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY, K.C.V.O.	DAVID MORRICE

SIR EDWARD CLOUSTON, BART., *General Manager.*  
A. MACNIDER, *Chief Inspector and Superintendent of Branches.*  
H. V. MEREDITH, *Assistant General Manager and Manager at Montreal.*

Branches and Agencies at all principal points in Canada; also in London, England; New York, Chicago and Spokane; and Newfoundland. Travellers' Circular Letters of Credit and Commercial Credits issued for use in all parts of the world. Collections made on favorable terms. Drafts sold available at all points in the United States, Europe and Canada and in Hong Kong. Interest allowed on deposits at current rates.

**E. C. PARDEE, Manager Edmonton Branch**

## Buy Your Christmas Requirements

AT THE

## Edmonton Wine & Spirit Co.

Our bonded warehouses and our shops are full up with myriads of good things in the line of OLD SCOTCH WHISKIES, BRANDIES, PORT WINES, SHERRIES, LIQUEURS, CHAMPAGNES, ETC., in preparation for the Christmas rush. Make your purchase early.

**PROMPT DELIVERY**

**Phone 1911      246 Jasper East**  
**Edmonton Wine & Spirit Co.**

## McDougall & Secord, Ltd.

**PAID UP CAPITAL \$2,000,000**

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE PROVINCE OF  
ALBERTA 1915 A

## TRUST AND LOAN COMPANY

ACTS AS ADMINISTRATOR, TRUSTEE, GUARDIAN, ETC., ETC.

## FINANCIAL AGENTS, BANKERS

MONEY TO LOAN ON FARM AND CITY PROPERTY.

FARM LANDS AND CITY PROPERTY FOR SALE.

**DEALERS IN RAW FURS**

**McDougall & Secord, Ltd.**

## Sensible Gift Giving

"The Big Store" offers exceptional values in appropriate Christmas gifts—gifts that please and are for years a continual reminder of the giver. Do your Christmas shopping here—and as early as possible so as to get best choice of the good things. Goods bought now may be stored until wanted.

### For The Ladies

A fine assortment of Fancy Chairs, Tables, Jardiniere Stands and Parlor Cabinets makes choosing easy. Then we have a beautiful line of Brass Goods including, Brass Jardiniers, Vases, Lamps, etc. A nice picture is always acceptable—our walls are hung with many fine reproductions,—Etchings, Engravings, Pastels, Oils, &c., at very moderate prices.—See our line of Framed Pictures at 50c each. Do not forget our \$2.50 Rattan Rocker—only a few left.

### For The Men

A splendid range of Morris Chairs, Den Chairs, Smokers' Cabinets, Brass Tobacco Jars, Ash Trays, etc.

### For The Children

Doll Carriages, Toy Sets, Toy Wheelbarrows and Express Waggon, Velocipedes, Autos, Baby Walkers, High Chairs, Rockers and many other appropriate gifts for the little ones.

We strongly advise early shopping—you get better choice and quicker service than when the Christmas rush is on.

## The Blowey-Henry Co.

The Big Store.

292-300 Jasper East

## The Capitol Mercantile Co.

Take this opportunity of thanking their numerous customers for their liberal patronage during this our banner year and with our increased facilities for doing business and our careful selected stock of Groceries, Provisions, etc. we hope to secure a larger patronage during the coming year.

### Wishing Our Customers the Compliments of the Season

#### Christmas Fruits, Nuts and Groceries

of the highest quality. If we could buy better quality we would. We have bought the best possible and offer them to you at the lowest possible prices. For your Christmas cakes or mince meat our quality of fruits is the best possible.

Valencia Raisins 12½c lb  
Lixia Raisins, Australian 12½c lb.  
Vostizza Currants (the only kind) 15c lb.  
Reelected Filiatras Currants 12½c lb.

Choice 16-oz. pkg. Raisins (seeded) 12½c lb.  
Pick-me-up Sultana Raisins (Mediterranean) 15c  
Bleached Sultana Raisins (Californian) 15c lb.  
Orange, Lemon and Citron Peels, drained, not coated, 20c lb.

#### Figs, New and Choice

Natural Figs for cooking 3 lbs. for 25c.  
2-inch Layer Figs, very choice stock, 15c lb.  
Glove Box Figs, Figs in packages, all new goods  
**Dates, No. 1 Very Choice**  
Fard Dates, the best for table use, 15c lb.

Golden Dates, very choice cooking Dates, 10c lb.

#### Glaze Fruits

Assorted variety, Cherries and Pineapple, extra fine quality.

#### Finest Shelled Nuts

Five Crown Shelled Almonds 50c lb.  
No. 1 Shelled Walnuts (the best possible) 40c

**Nuts, all new season's**  
Brazils, Filberts, Almonds (Tarragona), Walnuts, Grenoble, Peanuts, this variety mixed 2 lb. 45c

**Oranges, Grapes, Apples**  
Very interesting prices.

#### BUTCHER DEPARTMENT

Everything is here for your Christmas dinner: Ontario Turkeys, Ducks, Geese, Oysters in shell, etc., etc.

## The Capitol Mercantile Co.

Grocery Phone 1514 Cor. 4th St. and Jasper Ave. Butcher Phone 2446

### OLEARY'S COW NOT GUILTY

The Animal Which Has Suffered all These Years under the Imputation of Causing the Chicago Fire, Hadn't a Thing to do with Starting the Conflagration.

"The real cause of the Chicago fire has never been told in print. It was not started by my mother's cow kicking over a lamp. The origin of the blaze was spontaneous combustion of 'green' hay. Put that in the paper and then came to me. Sam did the odds of 1,000 to 1 that I can prove it."

"Big Jim" O'Leary, the stockyards fire. We went into Mr. O'Leary's saloonkeeper and "gambling king" barn to get some milk. We had the foregoing statement last week. It was the reply to a statement made on Sunday by the Rev. John D. Leek, in a sermon in Whit-

Mr. Bird, who is 82 years old, and lives at the Methodist Episcopal Old People's Home, Foster and Southport avenues, is willing to make affidavit to the statement made him by two members of his Sunday school class. "Samuel and Christopher O'Neill were the brightest boys in my class," he said. "They thought a good deal of me. Christopher was 14 years old and Sam 12."

#### O'Neill Boys Tell the Story

"After the Sunday school lesson over I heard Sam say to Chris: 'I'm going to tell teacher.' 'They argued about it for a time and then came to me. Sam did the talking. As nearly as I can remember this is what he said to me: 'Mr. Bird, Chris and me started the fire. We went into Mr. O'Leary's barn to get some milk. We had a bottle of whiskey and we wanted to mix some milk with it. We lit a lamp after we got into the barn. Chris tried to do the milking and I held the lamp."

"You see, it was like this: The old man had put in a load of 'green' hay a few days before the fire. Below the hayloft were the stables where the cows were kept. We had several cows and did quite a milk business."

#### Parents Grieved by the Story.

"The popular belief has always been that my mother was milking a cow when the beast kicked over the lamp. Nothing is farther from the truth than that musty old fake. The family always retired early. If I wasn't in before 8 o'clock the old



Lieutenant Governor Bulaya.

ney opera House that the O'Leary cow kicked over a lamp in resentment at three boys who were milking the animal.

Dr. Leek told a story of the great fire which in some respects is a new version. He declared that two brothers, Samuel and Christopher O'Neill and a companion, went to the O'Leary barn on the night of the fire to steal milk to make whiskey punch.

This version of the origin of the fire, the minister said, was told him by Andrew Bird, who in 1871 taught a Bible class in Maxwell street Methodist Episcopal church.

**Bird Corroborates the Story.**  
The O'Neill brothers, it was asserted, had told the story to Mr. Bird, who feared knowledge of the fact would injure the boys, and he kept it a secret until a few years ago.

He hardly got started when the cow lady made me remember it with a gave us a kick. The lamp fell out of my hand and broke. Then we ran.

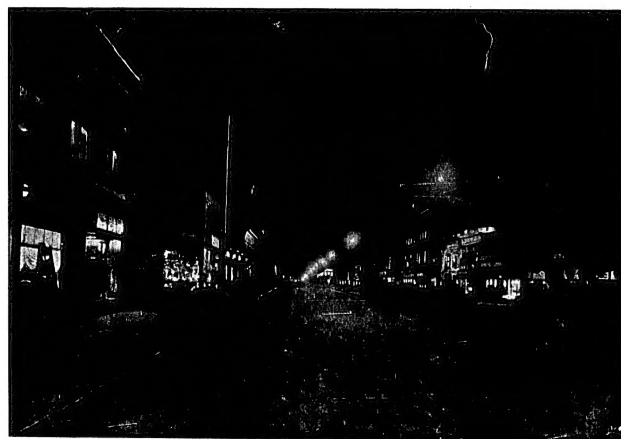
We didn't know it would be a big fire. We're awful sorry and we thought we'd better tell you."

"I lectured them on trying to become whiskey drinkers and told them I would keep their secret if they would be good boys. This they tried conscientiously to do.

"The father of the O'Neill boys lived in Bunker street, and was the express driver for the Methodist book concern. He died many years ago. Christopher drowned somewhere near South Chicago. I don't know what became of Samuel."

**Monumental Fake, O'Leary Says.**  
"I don't care what anybody else says about the fire," said O'Leary, thrusting his thumbs in the armpits of his coat. "The lamp story was when we saw it in the papers."

"Both my father and mother went to their graves sad at heart over the world wide notoriety given them in the printed accounts of the burning of Chicago. I wish to make it as emphatic as possible that the O'Leary cow did not kick over a lamp."—Chicago Tribune.



Jasper Avenue at night; Looking West from Second Street.



# Little's Bookstore

## The "Central" For Gift Seekers

**W**E have no hesitation in saying we are the central for gift seekers. We have the very line of Christmas Presents that appeal to the people of Edmonton, and while the prices may seem a little high, people do not fail to appreciate the fact that what we are showing this season is something out of the ordinary and is exclusive, being sold only at this store.

### LEATHER GOODS

We have said repeatedly that Leather Goods would be the fad for this season and it is indeed gratifying to us to be able to give the people of Edmonton the very newest and most popular Christmas Goods.

**Leather Cushions  
Tie Racks  
Whisk Holders  
Snap Shot Albums  
Leather Souvenir Books  
Wallets  
Card Cases**

**Photo Frames  
Pipe Racks  
Collar Bags  
Book Covers  
Leather Purse  
Music Rolls  
Coin Purses, Etc.**

### Hand Painted Fancy China

Dainty pieces of China of every description

**Cups and Saucers  
Sugar and Creams  
Hair Receivers  
Bon Bons  
Hatpin Holders  
Trinket Trays**

**Vases  
Butter Tubs  
Biscuit Jars  
Celery Dishes  
Powder Boxes  
Match Boxes, Etc.**

Waterman's Fountain Pens in Holly Boxes, Note Paper in fancy Holly Boxes, New Books, etc.

# Little's Bookstore

## The Lead Soldier's Story

By Anatole France

Prevented from sleeping by a fever, Monsieur hears, about midnight, three smart taps on the glass door of a cabinet beside his bed. He waits and watches, and presently the door swings open and a little lead soldier steps out, in a uniform of blue, turned up with red—one of the Garde Française. Conversation ensues. The little lead soldier, it transpires, is going to the great review, held by his kind, on the night of every December 31st, after the children are all asleep. He finds that he is ahead of time, so to an audience consisting of Monsieur, lying in bed, and two young women in the cabinet,—one from Tanagra, the other a dairymaid in biscuit of Sevres,—the little lead soldier tells the story below, which we are permitted to reprint from one of the volumes—"Moth-

Midnight strikes, the outward sign of the imaginary leap from one year to another. The dainty timepiece, on which is poised a laughing, golden Cupid proclaims that the year 1793 has come to an end.

Just as the hands of the clock meet, a small phantom figure makes its appearance. Through a door which stands half open the dressing-room, where he has his bed and run in his nightshirt to fling himself into his mother's arms and wish her a happy new year.

"A happy new year, Pierre?" "Ah! thank you! But do you know what a happy year is?"

He thought he did, but, all the same, she wished to make him quite sure that he knew.

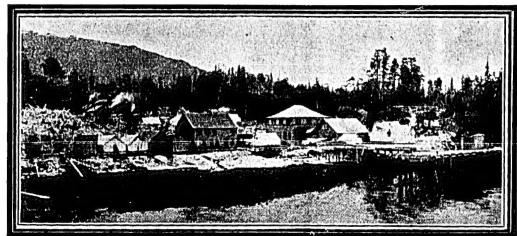
"A year is happy, my darling, when it passes on its way bring-

she has read them through once again.

The letters are all arranged in succession, for Julie imparts to everything around her a measure of the orderliness which is natural to her.

These, already, growing yellow, date from three years ago, and in the silence of the night Julie lives over again the magic hours. Not a single page is surrendered to the flames until she has turned it over at least ten times, syllable by treasured syllable.

The stillness all around is unbroken. From time to time she goes to the window, raises the curtain, glances through the oppressive gloom at the tower of Saint Germain des Pres silvered by the moon, and then resumes her slow labors of pious destruction. Why should she not for the last time rejoice over these delicious pages? Why deliver to the flames these cherished lines ere she has forever imprinted them on her heart. Stillness prevails everywhere, and her spirit



Prince Rupert, 1907.

er of Pearl"—in the complete edition of the works of Anatole France, now being published by John Lane Company. The translation is made by Frederic Chapman.

Ninety-nine years ago, to the very day, I was standing on a round table, with a dozen of my comrades, all of them as like me as if they had been my brothers. Some were standing, some lying down, several had sustained injuries in the head or legs; we were the heroic remnant of a box of lead soldiers bought the previous year at the fair of Saint Germain. The room was hung with pale blue silk. It contained

ing us neither hatred nor fears."

She embraces him; then she carries him back to the bed he has escaped from, and then returns to her seat in front of the escritoire. She glances first at the flames leaping on the hearth, and then at the letters from which the dried flowers are falling. It is heartrending to have to burn them. Yet it must be done. For these letters, if they were discovered would bring to the guillotine both him who wrote them and her who received them. If it was only herself that was in danger, she would not burn them, so weary is she of her contest for life with the executioners. But she thinks of him, proscribed, de-

leaps with youth and love. She reads—

"Though absent, I behold you, Julie. I go on my way, surrounded by images which my mind conjures up. I behold you, not cold and unnerve, but alive, animated, ever changing, yet ever perfect. Around you in my dreams I gather the most gorgeous spectacles the world can yield. How happy is Julie's lover! He finds charm in all things, since in all things he finds her. In loving her it is life he loves; he marvels at things he finds her. In loving her he treasures this earth which she adorns. Love unveils to him the hidden mysteries of things. He apprehends the infinite forms of



D. W. Warner's Farm, East of Edmonton

a spinet with the Prayer from Orpheus, open upon it, a few chairs, with lyre-shaped backs, a lady's escritoire of mahogany, a white bed decked with roses; and all along the cornice were perched pairs of doves. Everything combined to convey an impression of affecting charm. The lamp diffused its soft light, and the flame on the hearth quivered like wings beating in the dusk. Clad in a dressing-gown, and seated in front of her escritoire, her delicate neck bending beneath the circling black masses of her magnificent fair hair, Julie was turning over the letters, tied up with ribbon, which had laid hidden in the drawers of the bureau.

nounced, pursued, hidden away in some garret at the other end of Paris. A single one of these letters would be enough to put his executioners on his track and deliver him over to death.

Pierre is sleeping snugly in the neighboring dressing-room: the cook and Nanon have gone to their rooms in the upper regions. The intense silence of a snow-beating in the dusk. Clad in a keen clear air, brightens the flame on the hearth. Julie has made up her mind to burn these letters and it is a task she cannot carry out—how well she knows it!—without recalling events of the profoundest sadness. She will burn the letters, but not until

creation; they all display to him symbols of Julie. He hears the unnumbered voices of nature; they all murmur in his ear the name of Julie. He plunges his gaze rapturously into the utmost heart of the daylight, with the thought that that fortunate light bathes also the countenance of Julie, and casts as it were a divine caress on the loveliest of human forms. This evening the earliest stars will thrill his being; he will say: 'Perhaps at this moment she too is gazing on them.' He inhales her in all the odor borne on the air. He desires to kiss the very ground she treads on. . . . "My Julie, if I am fated to fall (Continued on Page Eight.)

**E. WITHINSHAW & CO.****Real Estate and General Brokers**City and Suburban Property, Farms, Etc.  
Houses Rented, Rents Collected,  
Estates Managed.**HEADQUARTERS FOR****ELM PARK**

the subdivision adjoining the

**Grand Trunk Pacific Shops**

There are already a number of residences, store and hotel under construction. This will soon be a busy town. Those purchasing now at present prices will realize good profits in the spring.

**Lots from \$125.00 to \$250.00 each****EASY TERMS****764 Jasper Ave. East****Phone 1242****EDMONTON****W. J. ROLFE****PHONE 1583****J. KENWOOD****ROLFE & KENWOOD****REAL ESTATE, AUCTIONEERS****INSURANCE and****BUSINESS TRANSFER AGENTS**

Loans Arranged

36 Jasper Ave.

Rents Collected

Opposite Empire Block

Houses to Rent

**EDMONTON****Elevator Capacity,  
110,000 Bushels****Milling Capacity,  
200 Bbls. Flour****City Flour Mills****Brands of Flour:****WHITE ROSE****(FANCY PATENT)****PEACEMAKER****(PATENT)****Strong Bakers'  
Golden Harvest****ALSO****Cream of Wheat and Whole Wheat Flour****[The Above Flours are Made from]****Strictly Hard Wheat****Mills at Edmonton, Alberta.****Campbell & Ottewell****PROPRIETORS****Hiding the Christmas Gift**

"Huh! looks something like snow, at that," said the man awaiting his turn at the barber shop, going to the door and looking out. "Beats the dickens what a short time there is between the First of July and Christmas these years. I can remember the time when there was a stretch of about fourteen years between the First of July and Christmas can't you, fellows? Why, Christmas'll be clomping along before we know it. Right now the time is drawing pretty close when a fellow will have to be mighty careful about opening bureau drawers when his wife is in the room if he doesn't want to be scared into a conniption when she notices what he's doing. Y'see, this is just about the beginning of the season when wives start to hide the Christmas presents they've bought for their husbands. Funny gag, that, too.

"Then there's another thing about this Christmas present hiding business. Most men stick it out that women are the curious, inquisitive sex, don't they? Well, I don't believe it. In my opinion, men are a whole heap more curious and inquisitive than women. Fact is, I know it.

"For instance, a husband, long about this season that's approaching, is groping around for a fresh shirt up in the morning. He yanks out the wrong drawer of the bureau. Well, on this morning he pulls out the bottom bureau drawer, say, and his wife who is fixing her hair at the chiffonier in another part of the room, catches him in the act just in time, lets out a little squeak and races over to the bureau and pushes the drawer shut.

"So it's there, hey?" he says to her. "Scuse me for living," and then the mullethead goes on grinning like a chimpanzee while he brushes his hair. Then he turns to her.

"Watchoo got in there, anyway?" he asks her.

"She tells him, with a grimace, and very properly, that it's none of his business. And she adds something about folks that 'rubber.'

"But, say, g'wan and tell me watchoo got in there won't you?" he tries again, wheedlingly.

"Whereupon his wife makes mention of that feline that met an untimely end through curiosity.

"That's all right about the cat," says the husband then, 'but I'll bet you a new rubber, and that it's cigars that you've got in there.' And then he begins to look a bit alarmed. 'Say, I hope not, though. I'm thinking about swearing off smoking soon now, anyhow.'

"But this hint about the cigars doesn't get the least bit of a rise out of her. Not much. Nothing doing whatever in the conversation line on her part.

"Oh, I'm a pinhead, sure enough," her husband says then, after a pause, and still consumed and just eaten alive by curiosity. 'I might have known all the time that it's a shaving outfit. That's exactly what it is, for a sure thing.'

"However, his wife most carefully adjusts her sidecombs and quite refrains from talking. Then he sticks his hands into his trousers pockets and looks her over quizzically.

"Aw, come now, like a good girl, and tell me if you've gone and got me that bath robe that we were looking at in the shop window the other afternoon," he says to her in his most persuasive voice.

"Say, Minnie, you might let a feller see what you've tucked in there, at that.'

"Just compare the attitude of the average husband in this Christmas gift business with the position of his wife on that same subject. She doesn't really want to know what he is going to give her for Christmas. She wants to be 'sprised.'

"Look here, hun," he says to her some morning on towards Christmas—usually he puts it off till about the last day, when everything is all picked over in the stores—"Look a-here, my dear, what-choo want for Christmas, eh? It's up to you, you know?"

"Why, the very idea!" she exclaims. 'Up to me! Preposterous! Why, it wouldn't be any Christmas gift at all if I told you what I wanted you to get for me.'

"Oh, that's one way of looking at it," he says. "But, d'ye know. I was thinking about getting you—"

"Sh-sh-sh! Stop!" she cries. 'Don't you dare tell me, Jack Gosling. Don't you dare.'

"All the same, she's foxy, at that. After a while an idea strikes her.

"You know, of course, Jack," she says, musingly. 'that if you are worried about the size of things, why, your sister Aenes and I wear exactly the same sizes in everything, and she—'

"But, mix," he breaks in. 'It isn't anything that comes in sizes. It's one of those—'

"And again her fingers go into her ears. The 'surprise' is the whole thing to her, and she is resolved not to hear in advance what he is thinking of getting her.

"Now, if all this doesn't come pretty near proving that women are really less curious than men, then I dunno, hey?"

**The Last Call****is now being sounded**

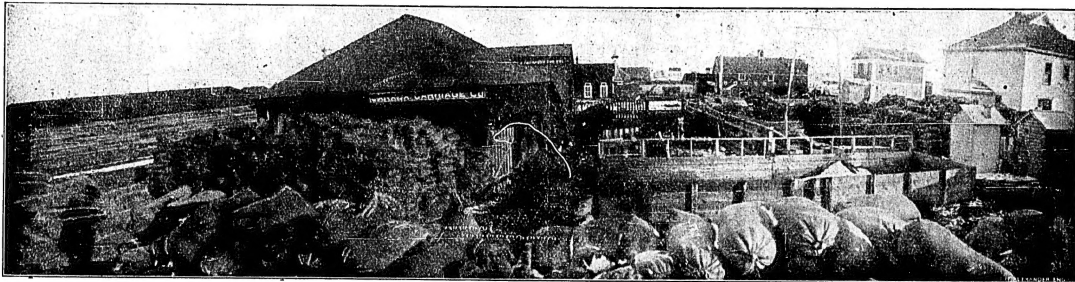
Christmas shopping is now at its last and the busy customers are anxiously looking for Christmas gifts. Our store offers splendid opportunities for Christmas buying and our stock is all new and up-to-date. All of our goods are marked in plain figures which is quite a help to customers during the busy season.

**Our Special  
\$25.00  
Diamond Ring**

seems to meet with popular favor. This ring is a great seller. We have many different styles including single stone diamonds, three stone diamonds and combinations. We will be pleased to have you come in and look around. Christmas presents engraved free of charge.

**Cook & Kirkland****The Quality Jewelers****38 Jasper Avenue W.****Phone 2541**

## The Grain Blockade at High River in 1908



### The Evolution of a Cow Town

Changes which have been wrought in High River since the early eighties. The chips dashed, the cards burned, the stage, a memory.

High River has had quite a career since its birth just a few years ago, and is not much more than about of age yet; she has done a great deal with the time at her command, in her early infancy and growing up time.

Prior to 1882 High River was only known as a camping place for Indians, a place where whisky (?) could be exchanged for the necessities of life. The first settlers were Buck Smith, J. H. Smith and Lafayette Smith, the latter erecting a building where McLaughlin's place now stands—about half a mile west of town—in the winter of 78-79. In 1879 Emerson and Lynch built a cabin six miles up the river. This comprised High River Settlement until 1882.

In 1882 Phil Weinard, who is now the steward of the club, took up the original townsite, and is quite an authority on the early history of the place, which later became a stopping place on the trail between Macleod and Calgary, just north of halfway. This stopping-place was kept by French & Smith. Mail in these days came only once a month and then came in via Fort Benton and the Missouri River, it being necessary to place on the letters U. S. stamps in order to get them handled. After the C. P. R. arrived matters changed, and a weekly mail was put on from Calgary to Macleod, to be still further replaced for points further south by a mail route from Lethbridge to Macleod, after the "Turkey Trail" was put in from Dunmore to Lethbridge in 1885.

#### The Ranch the Mainstay

The High River district grew slowly between 1883 and 1886, but in those days every man thought he needed a few townships or "lots of room for range," so they did not crowd up on each other too close. Right up to 1902 there was not much doing at High River any more than at many other places, so ranching, or rather stock raising, was looked upon as the means by which a man should live unless he could make a living tending bar or playing poker. Walking about on the prairie "afloat" was derogatory to the dignity of a white man, for such a man would be looked upon with suspicion, necessarily. For a man afloat was likely soon to be a man on some one else's horse, as soon as he could find one. This often caused trouble.

In 1885 the first store was built at High River by Galt of Calgary and was taken over in 1886 by Holmes and Kirkpatrick, and is now called the High River Trading Co. The first marriage took

place in 1886 in the hotel when Duncan Fraser and Jessie Spaulding were married. W. E. M. Holmes, now one of the foremost business men of the present town was the first white child born in town and Elwood Short the first white child born in the district.

High River, in the eighties, was nothing more than the ordinary small western "cow town," where the boys blew in as the spirit moved them, or as business compelled them, or when they felt it coming over them that they must blow in some of their wages. Thus she went on until we turned into 1900; after which a sudden transformation took place, as farming began to take the place of ranching.

Messrs. E. E. Thompson and W. L. Thompson are largely responsible for a good many changes in Southern Alberta, as these two brothers brought in two carloads of Turkey Red wheat and sowed it on their lands at Spring Coulee.

#### Mr. Thompson's Coming

Mr. E. E. Thompson moved up to High River, and brought his Turkey Red, leaving his brother at Spring Coulee, and from then on High River began to trot, then to hop, and later galloped into first place as the biggest shipper of grain in the West in 1908, the record being for that season 1,250,000 bushels; and such was the volume that, in the vernacular of its early days, it was all "balled up" with wheat, and couldn't get it out. High River has been a "windmill" and a "weavin' and a bittin'" of the ground in the high places, and her early citizens are now "livin' high" in High River and "scep'in' upstairs."

Now High River sits on the ground-floor in early days, for there not being any lumber for floors, it could hardly be expected that stairs could be indulged in. So sleeping upstairs to an old timer was equivalent to joining the "bante" business.

High River cuts in the neighborhood of five to four million feet of lumber per year, and has a sash and door factory amongst the other frills of society. High River is not only a good locality, but is also a good advertiser, purposely and incidentally. If she is not beating all Canada at polo she is spanking most of Alberta at lacrosse, and just for a pastime, drops into the Seattle Exhibition and brings home a great part of the horse prize. She certainly has been blessed with a live lot of humans who do not stay but who do things. It's no place for the growler, so if a man can't keep moving, or keep



The Stock Yards in High River.

up some of the honor of the place he might as well move on, for it's a live town, not a dead one.

#### A Live District

By all this we mean that the district is very much alive for fifty miles west, and forty to fifty miles east people are just crowding upon each other and making things hump, and the district is settling hang up.

Now, though grain goes out by the millions of bushels, and money comes in, the live stock business is not dead, as the following figures will show of cattle shipped recently:

For July . . . . .	501 head
For August . . . . .	569 head
For September . . . . .	111 head
For October . . . . .	1061 head
For November . . . . .	1062 head

3310 head

In these same months 367 good horses were also shipped.

The railroad station and yards look busy, with five elevators taking in and running out grain, and lots of general freight being handled.

The town claims a population of 1,800 with good stores, brick and stone structures, three banks, churches, schools and all the necessities of civilization. There are several hotels, in which the wayfarer is made happy and comfortable, and the hash slinger of early days, who made you "stack" your own dirty dishes, is replaced by smart little japs in dress clothes who glide about on smooth floors, and smooth the road for the grub to disappear into the inner man.

#### A Difference in 25 Years.

It all looks so easy now that many wonder how it was done, but there is a heap sight of difference at High River, between dropping off the train there now and dropping off the stage there 25 years ago, stiff all over and froze clean through. Anything then tasted good, even blue vitriol, brown sugar and tobacco juice which was called whiskey. Shakespeare says: "What's in a name?" But he never tried this,

though many of his readers have, in these parts, gone batty on the brand.

The name of High River now days means a complete metamorphosis; and everybody that lives there, that might have been doubtful, has reformed. High River is modern, progressive, up-to-date, respectable absolutely, busy with real business. The chips have been cashed, the faro cards burned, the stage line has long since disappeared and you must go to church in a frock coat and tall hat and talk nice. If you wish to think of High River as she used to be it must only be in your dreams, when a Welsh Rarebit and a night out will bring back the mirage and it flashes before or out of your subconscious mind.

It is a marvellous change which came rapidly, amicably, to stay and mark High River on the map for all time to come. She is today running along to prosperity, and not looking back, without any fears for the future. The past is merged into the future, so old timers and new timers, pilgrims, tenderfeet, pumpkin rollers and pinchers, horse wranglers, business men and grain growers, are just one mob pushing High River to the front; of one mind and with one purpose. May they go on for some time and keep up the pace. Their success so far has been wonderful.

#### "WHY?"

"He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows."—Isaiah 53rd chap. 4th verse.

If Christ was born and lives indeed to save,

Why is there pain and why the cruel grave?

Why foul disease and grief's tortures slow,

And rivers of sin that around us flow.

Perplexed soul! The Christ indeed was born,

And lives and rules this sacred Christmas morn.

The grave and pain that seem from hell to rise,

Are God's good angels in disguise.

Grim, gaunt disease oft smooths the rugged climb,

That leads to God, and purifies from passion's slime.

And torturing grief which sears and saps the mind,

Oft helps us see—whereas we once were blind.

Poor doubting one! so near to Christ's great love,

Look up, believe, behold the star above.

The Bethlehem star that ushered in the reign,

Which conquered death, the grave, disease and pain.

—Mac.

Edmonton, Dec. 1909.

### NOTE AND COMMENT

You have to read the New York papers to learn who the really big guns are in the election fight going on in Britain. Those who run away with the idea that Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour and others whose names recur to the mind are in the centre of the stage should disabuse themselves of the idea. They have forgotten that America has contributed to the resources of the Old Land numerous heiresses. Here are a few extracts which give some enlightenment:

"Mrs. David Beatty (the late Marshall Field's daughter) does not intend to allow her husband to rest on his laurels as a defender of his country, big though his reputation for the splendid work he has done in that direction. Not a bit of it. She is urging him to the front of the political arena, and the next election will find him contesting a constituency. She will have to decide the shade of his politics, for so far he has none. Hitherto Mrs. Beatty was of a Liberal turn of mind. Lloyd George's budget has, however, put her 'off' somewhat, as it has put off others, and no doubt it will be on the Conservative side that Captain Beatty will fight."

If we all of us could only marry heiresses, think how many burdens we could get off our minds!

Then there is the Duchess of Marlborough, who has done duty for so many years of Sunday supplements: "If she had not separated from the duke, there is no doubt he would have held two or three very important official posts by now. But although she cannot hope to shine in the reflected glory of her husband, she still loves politics, and will be one of the most prominent, as well as one of the most decorative fighters in the field at the general election."

"There are those who say that Her Grace would like before all things to express her views about women on a public platform. They are strong views, she being of the opinion that her sex is very badly crushed. She is deterred from doing so by the fear of giving offence to the duke and his bevy of brilliant aunts, daughters of the seventh Duke of Marlborough, who are in some things rather conventional."

To turn from the Vanderbilt to the Astor millions, see how the latter are getting in their work:

"If it will be in the Conservative interests also, Mrs. Waldorf Astor will work. She has taken time by the forelock by already making overtures to the voters in Plymouth—the constituency her husband will contest. A garden party was held there recently in honor of the Astors, when Mrs. Astor's Parisian hat carried all before it."

(Continued on Page Four.)



## The Saturday News,

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

Published by Saturday News Ltd.

A. B. WATT - Managing Director

D. R. HAINES - Business Manager

Subscription - \$1.50 per year

Edmonton and United States - \$2.00

Advertising Rates on application.

HEAD OFFICE -

39 HOWARD AVENUE, EDMONTON

Business Office Telephone - 1901

Editorial Room Telephone - 2282

CALGARY OFFICE -

Crown Building, First Street East.

Saturday, December 18th, 1909.

## LEGAL

Short, Cross, Biggar & Cowan  
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.  
Wm. Short, K.C. Hon. C. W. Cross  
O. M. Biggar, Hector Cowan  
Offices, Merchants Bank Bldg.  
MONEY TO LOAN.

Dawson, Hyndman & Hyndman  
ADVOCATES, NOTARIES ETC.  
Edmonton Alta.  
Money to Loan on Real Estate  
Office: McDougall Block  
H. J. Dawson J. D. Hyndman,  
H. H. Hyndman.

Emery, Newell & Bolton  
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.  
E. C. Emery, C. F. Newell  
S. E. Bolton.  
Office: McDougall Avenue, near  
Imperial Bank Bldgs.

Lavell, Allison & Willson  
BARRISTERS, ETC.  
John R. Lavell W. B. Allison  
N. C. Willson  
Bank of Commerce Chambers  
Strathcona, - - - Alberta

E. S. McQuaid  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR  
NOTARY  
Office: 104 Windsor Block,  
Edmonton - - - Alberta.  
MONEY TO LOAN

Robertson, Dickson & Macdonald  
BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS  
H. H. Robertson, S. A. Dickson,  
J. M. Macdonald.  
Edmonton and Fort Saskatchewan  
Office: 135 Jasper Ave. E.  
Money to Loan.

## RED DEER - ALBERTA

MOORE & DURIE  
BARRISTERS & SOLICITORS  
J. Carlyle Moore, B.A., J.D.  
Corbett, L. Durie, B.A., Crown  
Prosecutor.  
Particular attention to collections  
and agency work.

ALBERT E. NASH  
ACCOUNTANT AUDITOR  
ASSIGNEE LIQUIDATOR  
Room 206 Windsor Block.  
Phone 2413

## ARCHITECTS

BARNES & GIBBS  
Registered Architects  
R. Percy Barnes, F.A.I.C., A.A.A.  
C. Lionel Gibbs, M.S.A., A.A.A.  
141 Jasper Ave. West, Edmonton.  
Phone 1361

James Henderson, F.R.I.B.A.,  
A.A.A.  
ARCHITECT  
Cristal Block, 42 Jasper Ave. West,  
Edmonton.

## OSTEOPATHY

D. C. BLINN, Osteopath,  
Treats successfully all curable diseases.  
No drugs used.  
Hours: 9 to 5 and 6 to 9 p. m.  
245 JASPER AVENUE, WEST

## MUSIC

Miss Beatrice Crawford  
TEACHER OF PIANO  
Accompanist  
Studio: ALBERTA COLLEGE

## HOME AND SOCIETY

## Edmonton

As society has apparently gone to sleep until the actual Christmas festivities wake them to life again, it seems a good opportunity to air a little grievance that is causing a good deal of inconvenience in town just now. I refer to the very varied collection of reception days chosen by different hostesses on the same street.

In the old days in Edmonton when a woman's calling list numbered practically only the names of intimate friends, whom incidentally she could drop in on any day in the week, and be sure of a welcome, this was all very well. But under present conditions, when this wonderful busy city is commencing to toddle out in all directions; a queer little trail here, and away on the outskirts a long line of houses belonging to prominent society folk, we have simply got to do some regulating, if we intend to make the feeblest effort to take in half the people one would like to.

With positively shoals of attractive young brides invading the town, and the days of older resident hostesses to be still kept up, calling as it has to be managed to-day is a drain on the strength, the time and the patience of every woman who pretends to keep up with it.

Every town with any claims to being up-to-date, arranges matters on a more business-like basis. A certain section or number of streets has Monday, and by the way I am glad to see the far west end abide to a house by that day, another Tuesday, and so on. One doesn't have to study visiting and address books to know that one is justified in taking in all one's friends on a street, nor have to return to the same suburb three or four days the same week in order to leave one's cards.

When a woman's time means as much as it does to each of us, though you wouldn't think it if you had seen some of the women I did looking for a certain mysterious man last week and tackling half the men in the crowd in the endeavor to earn the reward; well, as I was saying, there are too many demands on one's time to go careering round from pillar to post in this aimless fashion, and the situation at the present time is simply this, till newcomers and oldtimers come to an arrangement whereby the street day ladies, and mer, the individual householder, some people stand a pretty fair chance of being left out in the cold.

To Mrs. Scoble, I think, may be given the credit of starting Monday in the West End, that is, west of Tenth street, where Madame Thibauden has always kept that day. Mrs. Nightingale also, when Westward Ho College moved out to Seventeenth, sensibly changed her day to suit the locality, and since then the residents taking up houses in the far west end have followed suit.

I think Tuesday is another settled institution. Mrs. Braithwaite and the hostesses on Second and Third streets pretty generally conforming to that day.

Now, how shall we set about readjusting matters, will my readers let me hear from them, and say an arbitrary date is settled for each section, how many of you abide by it?

Another vexed question, when will our hostesses ever learn to be explicit in the matter of invitations? You are invited to a small intimate family dinner and go dressed accordingly, only to find your host and hostesses frocked "as to the manner born."

"Come and have a cup of tea with me," which sounds innocently off-hand, may contrary-wise mean a big reception.

"I'm just having one or two tables of bridge for ladies this evening," as often as not means evening dress, with others of the guests in shirt waists.

"Come around and spend a quiet evening," may conceal a veritable scrumptious bang-up supper, with a shoal of guests thrown in.

Let us, for my sake, learn to speak plainly, words mean, or ought to mean, something. If it's a big tea, say so, a pot-luck dinner signify that dress clothes will be out of place. It's gradually getting that men won't go anywhere, not knowing just where they're at.

The latest bridge club to start up in the West End had its first meeting on Tuesday evening at Mrs. Nightingale's, when a jolly



## Christmas Shopping

There are only a few days left to do your buying. If you have not already done this it would be wise to do so now and avoid the rush and confusion of the last few days.

## Suggestions

A dainty piece of cut glass makes an appropriate Christ mas gift. We have many pretty pieces including,

Bon Bons,  
Nappers,  
Berry Bowls,  
Claret Sets,  
Orange Bowls,  
Water Sets and  
Finger Bowls.

## Casseroles

We have some very pretty designs in casseroles in quadruple plate. We mention one at \$9.50 as exceptional value.

We also have some very pretty

Sandwich Plates,  
Custard Dishes,  
Fruit Baskets,  
Fern Dishes,  
Cake Plates,  
Dessert Sets,  
Cake Dishes, etc.

## Cook & Kirkland

THE QUALITY JEWELERS

38 Jasper Ave.  
West  
Phone 2541

game was enjoyed and plans discussed as to its conduct.

Mrs. Duncan Smith entertained again on Saturday evening of last week, when her delightfully pleasant rooms were filled with a congenial coterie of friends, who had the pleasure of listening to some excellent music, and participating in a quiet game of cards between whiles. Mrs. Smith wore palest blue satin and looked very handsome and distinguished.

During Mr. and Mrs. Pardee's absence in Italy, where Mr. Pardee has been ordered for a three months' rest, little Freddie Pardee will remain with his grandmother, Mrs. Arthur Mowat, at Elmira, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Henwood and their little family will spend Christmas with Mrs. Henwood's people in Calgary.

On Wednesday, Mrs. Ambrose Dickens gave a smart matinee bridge in honor of her sister, Miss Gouin, of Winnipeg, who is here on a visit; three tables enjoying several keenly-contested rubbers.

Mrs. Dickens was looking exceedingly well in a beautifully fitting princess robe of peacock blue satin, while the guest of honor was wearing a lovely costume of pale mauve, elaborately sou-tached.

Those who sat down to bridge were Mrs. Nightingale, Mrs. Swaisland, Mrs. Ferris, Mrs. Lane, Mrs. Charlesworth, Mrs. Scoble, Mrs. Sommerville, Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Richards and Mrs. Balmer Watt, while Mrs. Hyndman, Mrs. Warren, a guest at the Alberta, Miss Lyall, and Miss Forsyth, the latter dropped in for tea and a chat.

Mrs. Jas. Ross, 658 Eighth street will receive for the first time this season on Friday, December 17th, and afterwards on the third Friday of each month.

Mrs. Hughes and the Misses Hughes will not receive on Thursday of next week, and in future only upon the fourth Thursday of each month.

The marriage took place very quietly in Montreal on December 6th at the Church of St. James the Apostle, Rev. Allan Shatford officiating, of Miss Mabel Gascoigne of Montreal Quebec, to Mr. William Jeffrey Carrique, also of that city. The bride, who was unattended and given away by her brother, Mr. F. A. Gascoigne, wore her travelling suit of blue broadcloth, with hat to match, and carried white roses and lilies of the valley. Col. Morrison, of Ottawa, acted as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Carrique left the same evening for New York and sailed on Saturday by the Lusitania to spend several months abroad. The bride received a great many beautiful gifts, among which was an ulster seal coat from the bridegroom.

On Wednesday, December 8th, the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Bearisto, Wetaskiwin, was the scene of a quiet but very pretty wedding, when their daughter Annie Lolo was united in marriage to Mr. Nelson Carlyle Legge, manager of the Merchants Bank at Tofteld, the Rev. Mr. Hogg officiating. Miss Jessie Bearisto, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, and the groom was very ably assisted by Mr. Robert W. Manley. After the ceremony, the happy couple left for a tour of the Eastern cities, and upon their return will take up their residence at Tofteld.

Mrs. T. W. Lines was the charming hostess, is a delightful five o'clocker on Friday last, when just the right number of people seemed present to cosily fill the very artistic rooms, softly lit with many beautiful light, which set off both the guest and the handsome furnishings to perfection. People seemed to have donned their prettiest frocks for the occasion, and altogether was an unusually happy tea party, thoroughly enjoyed by everyone.

I thought Mrs. Lines looking very smart and handsome in a wistaria shaded empire gown, with quantities of the popular southe braiding her hair, dressed beautifully and after the English fashion with a lovely high pink coral comb.

In the tea room such a cosy, cheery room, furnished in a beautiful mahogany, Mrs. Henwood and Mrs. Billy Lines presided over the tea and coffee, and Mrs. Driscoll served the ices, the table being most artistically done in (Continued to page three.)

## DO NOT FORGET

## Canada Dry Pale Ginger Ale

When placing your order for Christmas supplies from your grocer or liquor dealer

NOTE—The name **McLaughlin** on Carbonated beverages is equivalent to the "Hall-mark" on a piece of silver, each is a guarantee of quality.

## J. J. McLAUGHLIN

Phone 1436

Factory Bellamy St.

## Fire Insurance

### ROBERT MAYS

Room 5 Crystal Block, 42 Jasper Avenue, W.  
Phone 1263 EDMONTON, ALTA.

## EDMONTON

## WINE & SPIRIT COMPANY

## ASK FOR

## "Spey Royal" Scotch

Finest Oldest and Mellowest  
Procurable

You make no mistake when you say

## "Spey Royal"

Edmonton Wine & Spirit Company

## Money to Loan

ON IMPROVED FARM AND CITY PROPERTY  
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES

## National Trust Company, Ltd.

CORNER JASPER AVENUE and FIRST STREET  
A. M. STEWART, Manager Edmonton Branch

## THE CAPITAL WINE AND SPIRIT CO.

## A. E. HOPKINS

MANAGER

Dealers in the finest old Scotch Whiskey from the Talisker Distilleries of Glasgow and Perth, Scotland. Guaranteed 10 years old and fully matured in wood.

The Capital Wine & Spirit Co.

Jasper Avenue.

## THE CONNELLY-McKINLEY CO., LTD.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS

Private Chapel and Ambulance

136 Rice Street

Phone 1525